THE WATCHER,

Arranged for

One or Two Voices

The Poetry written by

MRS. SARAH J. HALE

Music Composed & most respectfully Dedicated

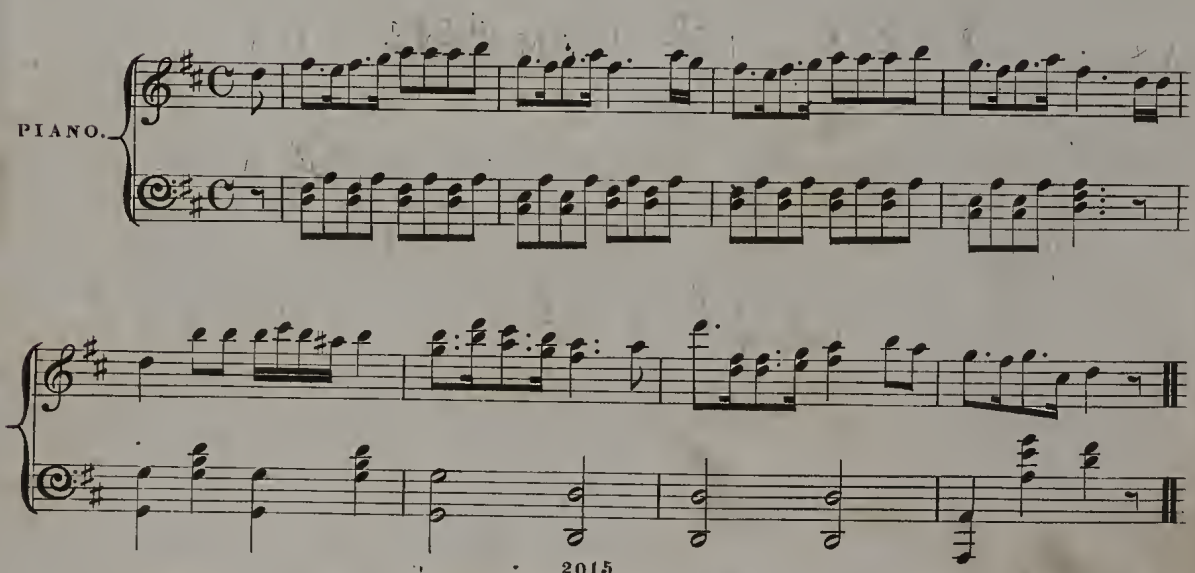
To

The Authoress

by

D^r WILLIAM LARDNER C. C. P. &c. &c.

Baltimore Published by G. Willig Jr.



2015

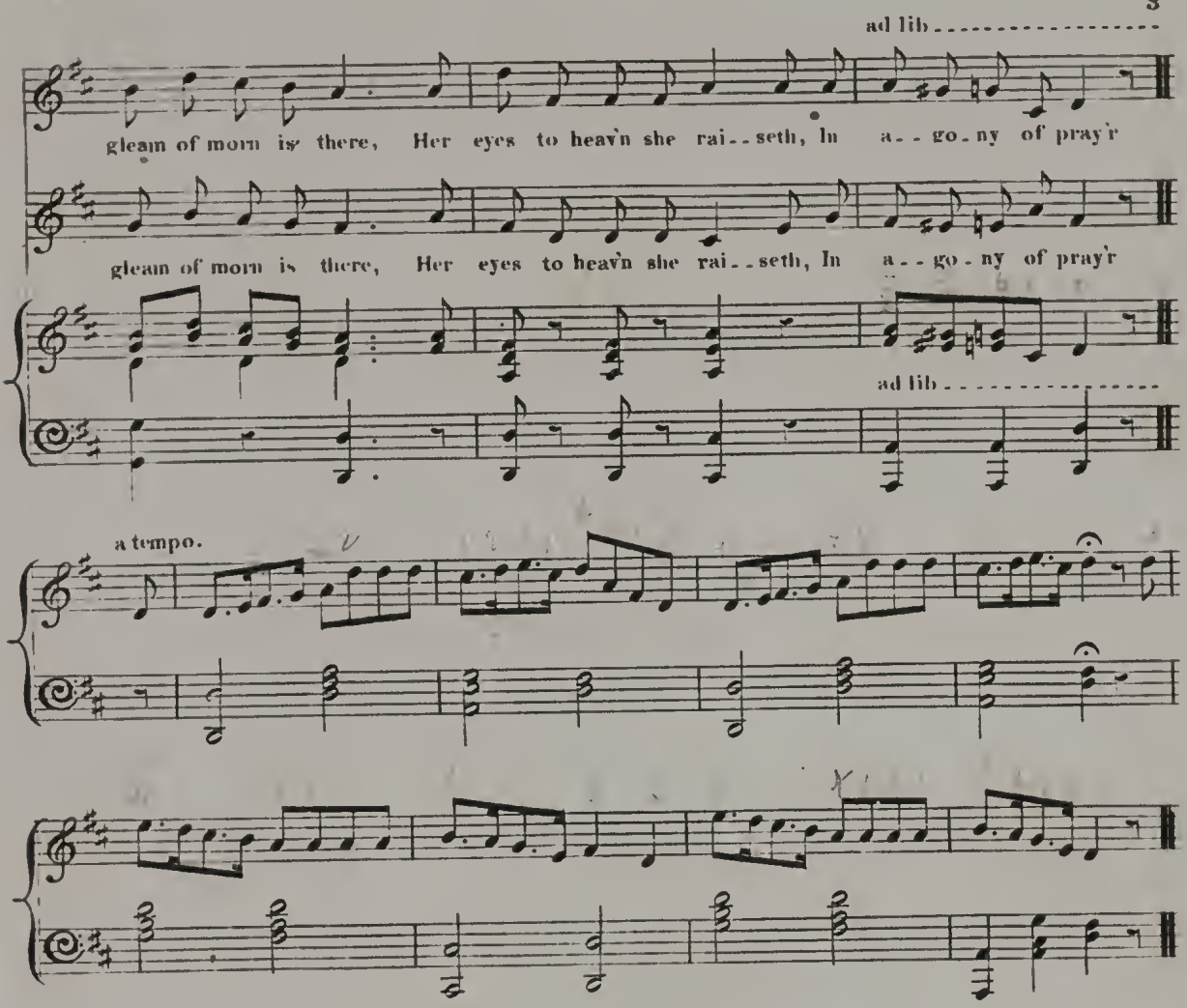
Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1846 by G. Willig Jr. in the Clerks Office of the District Court of Md

First voice.

The night was dark and fearful, The blast swept wailing by, A Watcher pale and tear - ful, Look'd forth with anxious eye, How wistful - ly she ga - zeth, No gleam of morn is there, Her eyes to heav'n she rai - seth In a - go - ny of pray'r; How wistful - ly she ga - - zeth, No

Second voice.

The night was dark and fearful, The blast swept wailing by, A Watcher pale and tear - ful, Look'd forth with anxious eye, How wistful - ly she ga - zeth, No gleam of morn is there, Her eyes to heav'n she rai - seth In a - go - ny of pray'r; How wistful - ly she ga - - zeth, No


ad lib.
gleam of morn is there, Her eyes to heav'n she rai--seth, In a--go-ny of pray'r
gleam of morn is there, Her eyes to heav'n she rai--seth, In a--go-ny of pray'r
ad lib.
a tempo.

2.

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him,
She feels that this must be,
But oh, for morn to see him
Smile once again on me.

3.

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing
They heed not morning there.
O young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.

4.

The morning sun is shining
She heedeth not its ray:
Beside her dead reclining
The pale dead mother lay.
A smile her lips were wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As tho' she still were breathing—
There's light for us above.

Webb.